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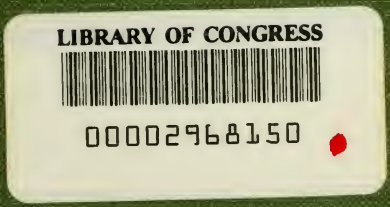

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POEMS

BY

MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

MOSSES

FROM A

ROLLING STONE;

OR,

IDLE MOMENTS OF A BUSY WOMAN.

BY

TENELLA—Mary Bayard Clarke.

——:o:——

"Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
Each cloud that floateth in the sky
Writes a letter in my book."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

——:o:——

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DEDICATION.

TO MY CHILDREN.

Dear children, in life's busy round,
Some idle moments I have found,
In which I've paused to gather flowers,
To cheer my many busy hours.
Here I have plucked a pleasant thought,
And there a passing fancy caught,
Now from the lake a lily took,
And then a wild-flower from the brook;
Where Texas winds the mesquit toss
I from old Missions gathered moss,
Plucked tropic flowers from Cuba's isle
'Neath everlasting summer's smile,
Twined passion flowers of crimson hue
With the forget-me-not's pale blue;
Then gathered grass from prairies green
And wove their blossoms in between;
Found here a joy and there a grief
Hidden beneath some flower or leaf;
A pleasant mem'ry bore from this,
From that a smile, a tear, or kiss;
And now I twine, with hope and fear,
These gathered flowers of many a year,
That if my Moss can do no more,
It still may drape a ruin o'er,
And gild the wreck which round us lies
Of brighter hopes which ne'er can rise.

But see! reflected in my tears,
Hope's rainbow o'er my wreath appears,
And I, as in my childish days,
Will seek, beneath its shifting rays,
The POT OF GOLD which may be found
Just where the rainbow meets the ground;
And as my "Moss" abroad I send,
Trust "Hope will in fruition end."

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MOSSES

FROM A

ROLLING STONE.

THE TRIUMPH OF SPRING.

The Ice-King opened his frozen gates to hold high
court one day,
And his liege-men all were summoned there, duti-
ful homage to pay.
His palace was built of veinless blocks, hewn in
the frigid zone,
And lit with a gleam of rosy light from an Aurora
thrown.
His sea-green throne was a frozen wave brought
from the northern pole,
Which seemed with its frozen crest congealed ere
it had ceased to roll.
Drest in his dazzling robes he sat in his council-
chamber wide,

And cast on its strong and lofty walls a glance of haughty pride:
A sceptre of ice in his hand he held, which glittered with many a gem;
While the diamond and opal's changing light flashed from his diadem.
His mantle of snow around him fell in many a spotless fold,
With an edge of lace-work, rich and light, wrought by the Hoar-Frost cold.
He smiled as his warriors round him came, clad all in frozen mail,
Their gleaming swords the icicles sharp—their darts the rattling hail.
There stood the North-Wind, wrapped in clouds, with his dark forbidding face,
The piercing East-Wind, clear and cold, with his subtle, treach'rous grace;
And there was the still and silent Sleet, with his armour glittering bright,
And the stinging Frost, both Black and Hoar, who only work at night.

"My children," he said, "my liege-men bold, hearken to my command—

Meddlesome Spring is seeking again to enter my
chosen land;
When first she stole on me unawares and melted
my jewels bright,
I swore in my wrath I never would see the mis-
chievous, troublesome sprite;
What care I for her bright green leaves, her buds
and flowers so gay?
My mantle of snow and my icy gems are lovelier
far than they.
And sweeter, too, are my rushing winds with their
whistle keen and sharp,
Than the softest notes she ever drew from the
strings of her woodland harp.
Then hang my jewels on every bough, and let my
cold winds blow—
And, lest she hide in the bosom of earth, go, bury
it deep in snow.
For I'll let her know a king am I whom none dare
disobey,
In fetters of ice I'll bind her fast and sweep her
flowers away.
And if, in spite of my solemn oath, she seeks an
entrance here,
I order you all to drive her forth at the point of
sword and spear."

They bowed them low at his behest, for he was a mighty king,
And by his sceptre each one swore to conquer treacherous Spring.
The North-Wind blew his rudest blast to meet the Southern breeze,
While the silent Sleet, as the rain-drops fell, with icicles gemmed the trees.
The lowering Snow-clouds veiled the Sun, lest Spring should lurk in his ray,
And the Hoar-Frost sealed the earth like a stone to drive her thence away:
And over the fields a pall was cast—a pall of whitest snow—
Beneath whose folds all life was chilled, and Nature's pulse beat low.
And when from his throne, on the wings of the storm, the Ice-King forth did ride,
He saw not a nook in all the land where he fancied Spring could hide.
Each shrub, and tree, and blade of grass, that peeped from the snowy pall,
Was cased in a sparkling sheen of ice that the Sleet had laid on all.
The Sun was hid by a murky cloud that hung like a gathering frown,

And the air was filled with the driving snow, that,
ghost-like floated down;
While the breast of earth by the frost was raised,
as though it heaved a sigh
For the genial warmth of prisoned Spring, as the
frigid king rushed by.
"Ha! ha!" he shouted and dashed along, "this,
this is but sport to me,
The beauties of Spring, what are they, I pray, to
Winter's boisterous glee?"
And then in his joy he tossed the snow in many a
drift and mound,
Rattling the ice-boughs till they cracked and fell
to the frozen ground.
But he wearied soon of such stormy sport, and slept
in his palace of snow,
"My liege-men" he said, "can conquer Spring, for
they hold all above and below."

For a while fast bound in a chain of ice the deft-
fingered fairy lay,
But she silently kissed each frozen link till she
melted them all away:
With timid steps she slowly moved, till in every
warrior's breast

Suspicion of her near approach was wholly lulled
to rest.
Then, with gentle wiles each foe she plies till the
West-Winds gently play,
And the Snow-clouds melt before their breath, or,
spirit-like float away.
The silent Sleet next owns her power, and lets his
ice-darts fall,
As gently from the frozen earth she draws its snowy
pall;
The Frost no longer seals its breast, the fruit-trees
burst in bloom,
While the meek-eyed violet lifts its head and
sighs a sweet perfume.
But alas! one day in her earnest zeal she bade the
Zephyrs blow,
And their balmy breath was wafted on to the Ice-
king's home of snow.
'What, ho!" he cried, and started up, "I felt the
breath of Spring,
The lazy Zephyrs fan my brow, and birds begin to
sing."
Then he called for the treach'rous East-Wind cold,
and swept the startled land,
Till the Hoar-Frost worked and the rain-drops fell
once more at his command.

His ice-clad warriors rose from sleep at his rattling
chariot's sound.
They waved their gleaming swords on high and
scattered their arrows round:
They shook the trees till the blossoms fell before
their stormy wrath,
And strewed them with their icy breath in the
angry monarch's path.
The Hoar-Frost stamped on the springing grass
and seared its tender blade;
And the shivering mock-bird hushed his note, of
the driving blast afraid.
How often thus by Death's cold hand our joys are
snatched away,
While by his breath our bursting hopes are blighted
in a day!
Yet the wounded heart can better bear affliction's
stormy night
Than the lingering death its love must die if cold
indifference blight.
But rouse ye! hearts who mourn o'er this, take
courage from the fay,
And strive, like her, by loving wiles to melt the
frost away.
She had bravely fought 'gainst sleet and snow, the
driving hail and rain;

She had stilled the North-Wind's rudest blast and
melted his icy chain.
With her balmy breath and her sunny smile she
worked with right good will,
Though the Hoar-Frost keen in the silent night did
terrible mischief still.
Around her steps lay blighted buds and withered
leaf and flower,
Yet she bravely said "I'll never yield to the Ice-
King's cruel power;
For I'll hie me away to his frozen court in my robe
of brightest green,
And I'll melt his heart with such tender love he'll
woo me for his queen."

The Ice-King sat on his emerald throne—drest in
his robes of state,
But his warriors saw his heart was filled with wrath
and vengeful hate.
With a withering glance of rage and scorn he turned
to where they stood
"And so" he cried "the fairy Spring has made her
entrance good;
Did I not bid ye ward to keep, and guard 'gainst
each device—

To bind her fast to the breast of Earth with an adamant chain of ice?
Ye are faithless servants, one and all, and I trust you now no more,
But I myself, both night and day, will guard my palace door."
Slowly they turned and moved away, they could not meet his look,
For a deadly languor o'er them crept, and all like cowards shook.
But all unmoved the angry king walked slowly up and down,
And dark and vengeful were his thoughts and terrible his frown;
He swore in an iceberg, strong and cold, he'd prison the mischievous fay,
And bind it fast to the northern pole, out of the reach of day.
Like muttering thunder—deep, not loud—his sounding curses rolled
Through his spacious courts, his vacant halls, his corridors lone and cold.
But hark! a murmuring sound he hears, with distant music low:
Can it be the song of triumph raised by the conqueror of his foe?

As he strode through his lonely silent halls to fling
the portal wide
He little dreamed she was smiling there—just on
the other side!

But he knew her not when he saw her stand—a
maiden young and fair,
With the dewy buds of the pink moss-rose twined
in her golden hair;
In her little hand a harp she bore, and the music
from its strings
Was the joyous song of the forest bird and the hum
of the wild bee's wings.
Like sporting Cupids by her side, attendant
Zephyrs danced,
And the rugged king forgot his wrath and stood
like one entranced.
Meekly to him she raised her eyes, of the deepest
violet blue,
While a mantling blush stole o'er her cheek like
the sunset's rosy hue;
"I come," she said, "from a distant land whence I
fled from a mighty foe;
A refuge I seek in your icy courts and palace of
sparkling snow."

"Come in, come in," the monarch said, "a beautiful thing art thou,
With thy velvet robe of living green and the flowers upon thy brow;
And it may be our foe's the same—the mischievous fairy Spring—
But she's worse, by far, than e'er I dreamed, to harm such a tender thing.
Nay, shrink not, fair one, from my touch," he said and kissed her brow,
"Thou hast sought a home in my icy courts—a home and a heart hast thou."
And as he gazed on the lovely sprite his heart began to glow,
For love sprang up in his frozen breast like violets in the snow:
The gentle Zephyrs from his dress, unheeded, plucked each gem,
They bore his sceptre of ice away and reft his diadem;
He did not see his palace walls were melting fast away,
He gazed alone with passionate love on that bright and sparkling fay.
She nestled close to his frozen heart, its haughty pride to melt,

Till he led her gently to his throne and at her foot-
stool knelt.
"Joy, joy!" she cried, "I've triumphed now, the
Ice-King kneels to Spring!"
He said not a word, but he bowed him low to the
tiny radiant thing.

APHRODITE.

'Twas in the Spring-time of the world,
The sun's red banners were unfurled,
And slanting rays of golden light
Just kissed the billows tipped with white,
And through the water's limpid blue
Flashed down to where the sea-weed grew;
While rainbow hues of every shade
Across the restless surface played.
Then, as the rays grew stronger still,
They sought the sea-girt caves to fill,
And sparkled on the treasures rare,
That all unknown were hidden there.
Roused by their warm electric kiss
The ocean thrilled with wak'ning bliss,
Its gasping sob and heaving breast
The power of in-born life confest.
But, though their waves were tossed ashore,
Upon their crests no life they bore.

Deep hidden in its darkest cave
Unmoved by current, wind or wave,

A purple shell, of changing shade,
By nature's careful hand was laid;
The clinging sea-weed, green and brown,
With fibrous grasp still held it down
Despite the water's restless flow;
But when they caught that deep'ning glow
They flushed with crimson, pink and gold,
And from the shell unclasped their hold.
Its shadowy bonds thus drawn aside,
It upward floated on the tide;
But still its valves refuse to yield,
And still its treasure was concealed.

Close shut upon the waves it lay
Till warmly kissed by one bright ray,
When lo! its pearly tips unclose,
As ope the petals of the rose;
And pure and fresh as morning dew
Fair Aphrodite rose to view.
First—like a startled child amazed—
On earth, and air, and sea she gazed,
Then shook the wavy locks of gold
That o'er her neck and bosom rolled,
Loosened the cestus on her breast,
'Gainst which her throbbing heart now prest;
For ah! its clasp could not restrain
The new-born life that thrilled each vein,

Flushed to her rosy fingers' tips,
And deeply dyed her parted lips,
Spread o'er her cheek its crimson glow
And tinged her heaving bosom's snow.
Conscious of beauty and its power
She owns the influence of the hour.
Instinct with life attempts to rise,
Her quick-drawn breath melts into sighs,
Her half closed eyes in moisture swim,
And languid droops each rounded limb;
With yielding grace her lovely head
Sinks back upon its pearly bed,
Where changing shades of pink attest
The spot her glowing cheek hath prest.
There all entranced she silent lay,
Borne on 'mid showers of silvery spray,
Which caught the light and backward fell
In sparkling diamonds round her shell.
Thus, wafted by the western breeze,
Cythera's flowery isle she sees;
Its spicy odours round her float,
And thither glides her purple boat;
And, when its prow had touched the land,
There stepped upon the golden sand
With life, and love, and beauty warm,
A perfect woman's matchless form.

The tale is old, yet always new
To every heart which proves it true;
The limpid waters of the soul
In snow-crowned waves of feeling roll,
Until love's soft pervading light
Has into colour kissed the white.
And in its deep recesses shown
Rich treasures to itself unknown,
Though many restless sob and sigh
Nor ever learn the reason why;
Whilst others wake with sudden start
To feel the glow pervade their heart,
Flash down beneath its surface swell
And shine on Passion's purple shell,
Change to the rainbow's varying hue
The ties it may not rend in two;
Till doubts and fears which held it fast
Beneath Love's glow relax their grasp;
Slowly the net.work fades away
Like fleecy clouds at opening day,
And Passion woke by warmth and light
In deep'ning shades springs into sight.

But man the shell too often holds,
Nor sees the beauty it enfolds;
Its close shut valves refuse to part
And show the depths of woman's heart.

And tossing on life's billows high
The purple shell unoped may lie,
Till cast on Death's cold, rocky shore,
Its life and longing both are o'er.
But if Love's warm entrancing light
Shall kiss the parting lips aright,
And wake to life the beauty rare
Which nature's self hath hidden there,
Beneath his soft enraptured smile
'Tis wafted to the flowery isle,
And Aphrodite steps ashore
A perfect woman—nothing more.

THE WATER-SPRITE'S BRIDAL.

The Rio San Antonio is one of the most beautiful streams in Texas. It bursts from a basin of white lime-stone, twenty feet deep and nine or ten in circumference, the irregular sides of which are covered to the bottom with water-cresses in every stage of vegetation, from the vivid green of the half-open leaf to the crimson and yellow of the passing one; so the Spring, when the sun shines into it, seems lined with a tapestry of jewels woven on a ground-work of silver. Near it may generally be found in bloom a small white lily, as fragrant as the tube-rose, which springs up after every shower, and, in a single night, will cover the prairie as the stars the heavens. Its pure white chalice is a fit emblem of the perfect love shadowed forth in the following allegory:

On the borders of a river
  In our sunny southern land,
Long ago a fairy princess
  Dwelt with her attendant band.
Hidden from all mortal vision
  Was each tiny elfin shape,
Seeming now a darting sunbeam
  'Mid the olive and the grape:
Now a sparkle on the river
  As it gurgling glides along,

Whilst its ever murmuring ripple
Was the echo of their song.
Sporting in its limpid coolness
If they splashed the water high,
It was but the cascade foaming
When it met a mortal's eye;
If in fairy frolic leaped they
From the river in their play,
Instantly they seemed bright rainbows
Woven in the dashing spray.
If they lurked 'mid leafy shadows
Quivering sunbeams sparkled there,
If they danced upon the meadow
Dewy fragrance filled the air.
Lights and sounds of nature were they
Unto mortal eye and ear,
But the Water-Sprite might see them
In their fairy forms appear.
Hid behind the cascade's curtain,
Lurking in the golden sand,
Peeping from some mossy crevice,
Oft he watched the fairy band.
Carelessly they bathed and sported,
Little dreaming they were seen,
Feeding thus his growing passion
For their loved and lovely queen.

Eagerly he watched her daily
As she laid her robes aside,
And, with her attendant maidens,
Plunged into the cooling tide.
There each day she longer lingered
Whilst his passion stronger grew,
Till he almost was a mortal
In the suff'ring that he knew.
Now with rainbow hopes elated,
Then in deep and black despair
Trembling with his sweet emotion,
Swayed by trifles light as air.
Luring her with wiles most loving
To the shady river side,
Rushing, when he saw her coming,
'Neath the lily leaves to hide.

But one day the fairy came not,
In the meadow did not stray,
Though he listened, watched and waited
Through a long, long summer's day.
Bursting then each fear that bound him
All his passion uncontrolled
Wildly leaping in his bosom,
Through his veins like lava rolled.
Eagerly he sought his treasure
All along the river side,

Burning now to tell the feeling
  Heretofore he sought to hide.
In a wooded dell he found her
  Weeping 'neath a linden tree,
Not a thought of self came o'er him
  As he lowly bent his knee.
"Who hath wounded thee, my darling?"
  Were the words that from him burst—
Not his passion, but her sorrow—
  Stirred his gen'rous spirit first.
Starting from him in amazement,
  Up the little beauty sprang,
And the pride of all her lineage
  In her startled accents rang:
"Wherefore do you dare to seek me
  When I fain would be alone?"
But he saw surprise was struggling
  With the anger of her tone.
Lifted were the gates of silence,
  Love, like wine, now made him bold,
Wondering at his former shyness
  All his passion then he told.
Anger vanished as she listened,
  Trembling with a new-born bliss,
Timidly she nestled to him
  And returned his glowing kiss.

In a warm, bright stream, electric
To her lip his passion thrilled,
And with rosy hues advancing
All her wakened spirit filled.
Like a lily-bud unfolding,
In the flowery month of May,
To his love her soul expanded
As upon his heart she lay.
Love—the pure ethereal passion—
Wells from nature's throbbing heart,
And, though mortals quaff it deepest,
Spirits also claim a part.
With its joy they taste its sorrow,
So the Wood-Nymph and the Sprite
Found that nature's bright elixir
Was not all unmixed delight.
Waking from his blissful reverie
In her ear he whispers low,
"Wilt thou wed with me, my darling?"
And she sighing answers, "No;
Knowst thou not that woodland fairies
Only wed among themselves?
We are flowers, and, like them, wither
If we mate with other elves.
Should I yield me to thy wooing
I'd no longer be a fay,

Wedded to a Water-Spirit
All my power would fade away."
"But," he pleaded, "in my kingdom
Thou wilt share the power that's mine,
For the moment that I clasp thee
Half my nature melts in thine;
Queen of both the land and water
Shall my little princess reign,
Neither land nor Water-Spirit,
But a mingling of the twain."

Thus he wooed—and wooing won her;
Doubts and fears were laid aside,
And she passed into the river
As the Water-Spirit's bride.
To his bosom fondly clinging
Downward from the light of day,
Downward from the sun and flowers,
Sank the half unconscious fay;
Down to where earth's deepest fountains
Bubbled from their sands of gold,
And her subterranean rivers
From their hidden sources rolled.
Cold and dark to her those caverns,
Which to him were warm and bright,
And but half a Water-Spirit
Soon she trembled with affright.

Tenderly he soothed and cheered her,
Drew her closer to his side,
As her lingering fairy nature
Vainly she essayed to hide.
But he felt it quivering in her—
Saw his bliss to her was pain,
And so true and pure his passion
That he bore her back again.
Then, the long imprisoned river
Following as he upward went,
With a mighty leap exultant
Through its rocky arches rent—
Rent them as love rends the fetters
Prudence doth 'gainst passion urge,
When the glowing waves of feeling
In a mortal's bosom surge.
Darkly through its hidden caverns
Still the river might have rushed,
But the rock by love was smitten
And its waters outward gushed.
Onward, upward, bubbling, gurgling
In a silver stream they rise,
Till in sunlight 'mid the flowers
Once again the fairy lies.
Welling from a rocky basin,
Shaded by o'erhanging vines,

Peaceful as a sleeping infant,
Now the placid water shines.

Thus the fairy legend telleth
Yonder winding river first,
As a Spirit's bridal chamber
From its rocky sources burst.
Not for it the small beginning
"Winning tribute as it flows,"
But at once in perfect being
Aphrodite-like it rose.
Sacred unto Sprite and Fairy
Still its lovely birth-place seems,
For the sparkle of their presence
On its water ever gleams.
Rainbow tints are o'er it glinting,
Silver rocks around it shine,
Whilst like tapestry the cresses
All its inner chambers line.
Every hue that autumn flingeth
O'er the leaves that wave in air,
Mingled with the green of summer,
Have the fairies woven there;
Shining through the limpid waters
Every perfect leaflet bright
Sparkles like a brilliant jewel
With an opalescent light.

Wood-land flowers of every color
Round the rocky sides are hung,
Whilst o'er all a misty vapor
Like a silver veil is flung.
Snowy lilies round it glisten
Shedding fragrance on the air,
Emblems of the tricksy spirits,
Who are ever hov'ring there;
"Almanitas," I have named them,
For it meaneth "little fairy,"
And, like Sprites, they come and vanish
From the bosom of the prairie;
Springing after every shower,
Soon their starry blooms appear,
Fresh and pure as crystal dew-drops,
In all seasons of the year.
Neither land nor water-lilies,
But a mingling of the twain,
Seeming from the clouds descending
In the falling drops of rain.

Like a shining silver ribbon,
Waving in a gentle breeze,
Onward glides the winding river
Under overhanging trees.
Sleeping now in darkest shadow
Still and deep its water flows,

Flashing like a stream of diamonds,
  Laughing, leaping, on it goes;
But a magic spell is o'er it,
  Haunting all its winding way,
With the mem'ry of that wooing
  And the Spirit's bridal day.

LA PURISSIMA CONCEPTION.

The Spanish Missions in, and around, San Antonio de Bexar are the most interesting features of the place; the Alamo is too well known to need more than a passing notice. It is within the city limits and is used by the U. S. government as a quarter master's depot; but La Purissima Conception, San Jose and San Juan de Capestrana are given up to the owls, bats and a few Mexicans of the lowest class. They all lie on the San Antonio river, the towers of one being just visible from the roof of the next. They were originally strongly fortified. The chapel and cloisters of the monks stood in the centre of a plaza which was surrounded by a stone wall, against the inner side of which were the jacals, or huts of the Indians under their care; at the gate of this wall was a guard-house in which were the quarters of the Spanish soldiers, a certain number of whom were allowed to each Mission for protection. La Garita, or the watch-tower, stands on an eminence about a mile from the city, in the American cemetery. It commands a view of the country for miles around, and when the war parties of the hostile Carancahues, or "flesh-eaters," who, as their name signifies, were cannibals, came down, it was the duty of the sentinel stationed there to light a fire on its roof. This signal could be seen at La Conception, thence it was passed to San Jose and San Juan, and the flocks of the good fathers, warned by the loud tolling of the bell, hurried from the fields around to the fold of the Mission until the danger had passed.

Where the hills of Gaudaloupé into rolling prairie sink,
Stands a quaint old Spanish Mission close beside the river's brink;

For a hundred years deserted, still it grimly lifts
its head
Like a skeleton all ghastly, speaking of the moul-
dering dead.

La Purissima Conception it was called in other
days,
When its gray old walls resounded with Francis-
can hymns of praise.

As the deep-toned Spanish soldier answered to the
holy friar,
Whilst the dusky Indian maidens sweetly chanted
in the choir.

Then, the effigies unbroken, of the Virgin and her
child,
High above the pointed door-way on the simple
people smiled;

And the bell at morn and even gently called them
unto prayer,
Or with loud and solemn ringing sent its warning
through the air.

Now, its glory has departed, La Purissima no
more,
Steeds were in the chapel stabled, camp-fires lit
upon its floor;

Cross and altar both have vanished, and the figures
cut in stone
Looking downward from their niches, gaze upon a
wreck alone.

For the vacquero is dwelling in the cloister of the
friar,
And the bat comes forth at even from the rafters of
the choir.

Here one eve I upward clambered, whilst the rub-
bish round me fell,
Till I stood within that tower where was hung the
mission bell;

At my feet the rolling prairie, like a boundless
ocean lay,
And the snowy horned poppies crested every wave
with spray;

Here and there, like white feluccas, anchored in a
sea of green,
Cots of ranchéros were standing, whilst the cattle
grazed between.

Like a crowded port the city lay beside a fringe of
wood,
In the midst its old cathedral, like a battered war-
ship stood.

Northward lay the Verimandi where the gallant
Milam died,
And La Casa de la Garza stood upon the other
side;

Both baptized with blood of patriots at the storm-
ing of the town,
They will stand in freedom's story when their walls
have crumbled down.

Watching o'er them, to the eastward, rose the far-
famed Alamo,
With the ashes of its heroes mould'ring in the soil
below.

To Sparta from its glorious field Thermopylae sent
one—
To bear its message of defeat the Alamo had
none.

Southward by the winding river loomed the towers
of San José,*
While San Juan† de Capestrana on the blue horizon
lay.

Like a light-house La Garita rose alone amid the
dead,

* Pronounced San Ho-say.
† Pronounced San Whan.

Whence of yore the fiery beacon, warning of the
savage, spread.

For in those old days of peril every Mission was a
fort,
And the carvéd saints yet standing watched above
the soldier's court.

Which with massive walls protected priest and
neophyte from harm;
Winding round the church and cloisters, like a
strong encircling arm.

For a fell simoon descending came the fierce Car-
ancahue,*
Sweeping o'er the startled country, like a ravening
beast of prey.

And a sentinel watched ever in the belfry square
and high,
For a sign from La Garita that the savage foe was
nigh.

If its beacon smoke ascended, then, the great bell's
booming sound,
Gathered in the friendly Indians from the country
all around.

* Pronounced Carankaway.

For the Mission gates were opened offering refuge
unto all,
While the sacred cross uplifted stood uponthe outer
wall.

Now, their battlements have fallen, but these grand
old chapels gray,
Though deserted, stand defying ruthless man and
time's decay.

Nobly wrought those brave Franciscans, head com-
bined with heart and hand,
And the towers of these old Missions as their sacred
tomb-stones stand.

Oh! as such let all respect them, and whatever faith
they hold,
Guard from vandal desecration monuments so
grand and bold.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

"It might have been." In these four words how
much of feeling lies;
No sadder wail can from a crushed and bleeding
heart arise.
For grief is e'er most bitter, when with skillful
artist hand
She bids the joys which might have been before
the sufferer stand.
Whilst happiness glows like the diamond yet more
purely bright,
If with black sorrow we contrast its opalescent
light.
As tears will from the eyelid with both joy and
sorrow start—
"It might have been!" bursts with each wave of
feeling from the heart.
When Death, the reaper, leaves the fields of ripe
and golden grain,
To wield his sickle 'mid the flowers which round
our hearths we train,
When withered buds and blossoms mark his step
from door to door,

Till scarce a threshold's left his foot has not passed o'er,
How will the mother on whose hearth-stone he has failed to tread,
When for the grave she wreaths some lovely little golden head,
Sigh in the fullness of a heart surcharged with solemn joy,
For this it might have been my fate to deck your brow—my boy—
While the crushed heart of her, whose bud was blighted ere 'twas blown,
Turns from each smiling babe to cry, "thus might have been my own."
When in the mellow ripeness of its love the soul doth strive
To keep the dead cold ashes of a youthful flame alive,
And, with the richness of life's tide throbbing in every vein,
Seeks in another heart to pour its rare old wine again.
Bringing a tempered, glowing passion to the self-same shrine
On which in earlier years the leaping, changing flame did shine,

How often will it find its golden image turned to lead,
Its wild flower wreath of feeling withered—all its rose-buds dead—
Whilst in that barren soil the passion flowers of later life
Refuse to spread their crimson petals with rich perfume rife.
Oh! then will it not cry, "had I been wiser in my spring,
What bright and fragrant blossons might my glowing summer bring."
And, as it sighing thinks how fair its present might have been,
Crush all love's genial warmth and tenderness—not out—but in.
For, like green moss on crumbling walls, there's many a heart which lives
Feeding itself but on the thoughts the past unto it gives;
Whilst in its core remorse with its relentless hand doth turn
The barbed grief, which there unseen doth ever fret and burn,
Seeking no sharper, fiercer torture to avenge a sin

Than that which hidden lies wrapped in the thought, "it might have been."
Then, in the night, like ghosts, neglected duties rise,
And whisper to the conscious heart, "'tis *here* the evil lies;
If *this* you had but done, or *that* had but forborne to do,
The pang which pierces now your soul might have been spared to you."
For ah! we truest measure sorrow—not by present grief—
But by that rankling pang to which time brings us no relief;
And he who has not written on "the red leaves of his heart"
"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN" knows not grief's keenest, sharpest dart;
For in life's wake these solemn words forever more must glide,
Feeding, like a grim shark, on the dead hopes we've cast aside.

PASSION FLOWERS.

Some time beside her path a stately tropic plant had stood,
And though she knew that it could bloom, she dreamed not that it would;
So, carelessly she brushed its leaves aside, and 'neath their shade
She sought pale lilies of the vale, which, wet with dew, she laid
Upon her bosom, where more fragrant every hour they grew,
And, though their bells might droop, their perfume was forever new.
Well may the French in liquid accents call them "Je vous aime,"
No other flower so well becomes a soft and loving name;
Fit emblem of that peaceful love that passion never knows,
Which like a glistening pearl beside a flashing diamond glows.

'Twas in an atmosphere of this unchanging love she dwelt,
Drew in its subtle fragrance with each breath—unseen—but felt.
No deep emotion stirred the placid waters of her soul,
But loving words and tender looks like low, sweet music stole
O'er every sense; it was a melody made in the heart,
This love which with her grew, until of life itself it seemed a part.
One morn, ah! I remember well, she stood transfixed—amazed—
For lo! that stately plant burst into bloom e'en while she gazed,
If buds it had, so like the leafy green to her they seemed,
She had not looked for flowers, and fancied still she dreamed.
"What!" said she, "is this beauty and this fragrance all my own,
Or has some spell of magic power been o'er me thrown?"
The summer breeze bent down the boughs with floral treasures hung,

And at her feet the gorgeous blossoms lavishly
were flung;
Their long curved pistils outward bent like tongues
of flame,
And from each crimson tube a rich and subtle
essence came,
A sweet perfume, as though all India's spicy odors
blent,
To overwhelm with one intoxicating, fragrant
scent.
Subdued and overpowered—she stood awhile like
one afraid,
Then suddenly to grasp a flower most eagerly
essayed;
With nervous haste she caught the thickly falling
blossoms up,
And breathed the fatal incense streaming from each
scarlet cup.
Unheeded at her feet the unobtrusive lilies
lay,
Which, till that morn, she had been wont to gather
every day;
For now the diamond's brilliant ray first flashed
upon her sight,
And with its shifting rainbow hues obscured the
pearl's pale light.

Not "Je vous aime," but Passion Flowers upon her heart she laid,
And fondly fancied—ah! vain hope—their beauty could not fade.
More and more lovely—for a while—and far more fragrant, too,
The broad green leaves and rich red blossoms to her fancy grew,
Whilst she—luxuriating in their beauty and their scent—
Too late discovered all was in their opening glory spent.
Unlike the "Je vous aime," still fragrant when their bells were dead,
These Passion Flowers were scentless ere their crimson hues had fled;
No wintry blast, no summer's storm their glowing petals tried,
Burst by a single breath in bloom—as suddenly they died.
Remembering them all other flowers to her have scentless grown,
And now, along life's weary path, she finds but thorns alone.

WANDERING TENDRILS.

As the frail vine, which closely clings
  Around the tree it hath entwined,
Some wandering tendrils outward flings,
  Another resting place to find;
So did my fancy turn to thee,
  And fate the search has kindly blest;
For though the vine quits not the tree,
  Some of its tendrils round thee rest.

By careless eyes these links unseen
  Shall lengthen whereso'er I go,
And memory keep each tendril green
  Which fancy from my soul may throw.
Though brighter flowers for thee may bloom,
  Or greener vines may closer twine,
My heart shall feel no jealous gloom,
  Contented with its share of thine.

Then murmur not, nor e'er repine
  That fate has cast our lots apart;
For fancy's tendrils still shall twine
  Elastic links around thy heart.

And though we meet not face to face,
Yet soul to soul we still may cling,
And feel we've each a resting place,
Where wandering tendrils we may fling.

THE GRAY NORTHER.

The northwest winds, or as they are called in Texas, "Northers" are of three kinds, known as wet, clear and gray Northers; these last are by far the most severe, as they are not accompanied by rain, which generally moderates the wind, or cheered by that bright sunshine which renders a Clear Norther, when not too violent, rather exhilarating than otherwise.' The Gray Norther, on the contrary, seems to depress man and beast, mind and body; it is preceded by a deep sullen silence: not a cloud or ray of sunshine enlivens or variegates the skies, all is one deep, sombre gray; the cattle leave the plains and seek the shelter of the hollows; cows, deer, horses, and even wolves, are sometimes seen huddled together. Suddenly the dead silence is broken by a distant rumbling noise which increases as the wind advances, until, like a flash of lightning, it breaks with full force on the plain.

The sky is all one leaden gray,
No shifting clouds across it play,
No gleam of sunshine there appears,
No rain falls down like soft'ning tears,
No thunder mutters in the air,
No quivering lightning flashes there.
The earth's as changeless as the sky,
The prairie doth all waveless lie,
No sound the fearful silence breaks,
No wind the feath'ry Mesquite shakes.

Its long dry pods of brownish red
Hang by a single withered thread,
But not a leaf comes rustling down,
Though every shrub is sere and brown,
Save where the Frejolillo* green
Weaves round yon spring a shelt'ring screen.
The prickly Cactus, long and round,
Stands on each spot of barren ground,
Or, like green serpents in the grass,
Lurks prompt to wound us as we pass.
All leafless stand the tall Pecans,†
The dry Guizache‡ shows its thorns
Which hidden 'neath its foliage lay,
But reft of that, stand bare and gray.
From tree to tree no birds now fly,
All shivering in their nests they lie,
While every creature frightened looks;
The cattle cower in sheltered nooks,
And with them herd the timid deer,
While both stand trembling—mute with fear;
Awe-stricken nature, hushed and still,
Expectant seems of coming ill.
Now o'er the prairie's broad expanse
The cold Gray Norther doth advance,

* Pronounced Fre-ho-lile-yo.
† Pronounced Pecauns.
‡ Pronounced We-satch-ee.

On, on it comes, with sullen roar,
Like waves upon a distant shore,
It strikes the trees—they groan and shake,
The dead leaves fall, the dry pods break,
While surging waves across the grass
In quick succession rise and pass.
'Tis thus with life—how gray it seems—
No ray of sunshine o'er it gleams
When summer friends have cast their green,
And bare and sharp its thorns are seen,
Or lurking in our comforts lie,
To wound us sharper, by and by.
When withered hopes hang by a thread,
Or day by day fall sere and dead;
And fancies, fluttering warm and bright
Upon each branching thought to light,
Lie hushed and still within the breast
Like timid birds upon their nest.
When Heaven itself is hid by clouds,
And dark despair the spirit shrouds,
As in the future, more and more
We mark the coming Norther's roar.
It strikes our hearts—they shrink and quake,
And from them wails of anguish break,
As o'er the past we wildly weep,
When surging waves of memory sweep

Across the present, sere and dry
As prairies 'neath a winter sky.
But yet, the heart that seeks aright
Will always find some green in sight,
If life's cold Northers, wet or gray,
Sweep not its sheltering faith away,
Which rooted in eternal springs
Around the soul its mantle flings.

THE WINE OF LIFE.

"Friendship is the wine of our lives."—Dr. Young.

Yes, friendship is the wine of life
  That from the heart is press'd,
And those for whom it freely flows,
  And only those are bless'd.
I would not give the cheering draughts,
  From many hearts I've won,
For all the riches of the earth,
  Or jewels 'neath the sun.
As different grapes yield different wines,
  So does my heart distil
A different love from every friend,
  Its many wants to fill.

When o'er my soul no shadow hangs,
  When all within is well,
I long for sparkling, bright Champagne,
  Or calm, but pure Moselle.
When doubts, like thorns, beset my path,
  When trials press me near,
I need the strength Madeira gives,
  My troubled soul to clear.

And when I droop 'neath sickness' wing,
When mind and body sink,
Or sorrow's curtains round me fall,
Of generous Port I'd drink.

Some hearts there are that yield me all;
In whom I may confide
For every wine that friendship hath,
Whatever fate betide.
Who give me strength when trials press,
And hope in hours of pain,
Or for my pleasure freely pour
Moselle and bright Champagne.
While others whom I truly love,
Unyielding as the rock,
Will disappoint my thirsty soul,
Or give me bitter Hock.

Then, as I tread life's winding path,
I'll pluck from every vine
The grapes that seem most like to yield
My soul its spirit wine.
Though some may fail to soothe or cheer,
In others still I'll trust,
For I must love, although life's wine
Is only poured on dust.

So shall my heart, untouched by age,
  Believe in friendship's truth,
And feel that time hath not the power
  To steal away its youth.

MY SPIRIT IS CALLING TO THINE.

I've been, since I left thee, with friends, warm and
true,
And my spirit hath tasted affection's pure dew;
But yet, like the lily which droops for the sun,
I've pined for thee sadly, my own darling one.

As the gem hath no brightness when light is
denied,
So, dark is my soul if away from thy side;
For thy love is the sunlight beneath whose bright
ray
The sparkles of feeling most brilliantly play.

And now that the wave of affection doth meet
With the barrier of absence, it casts at thy feet
The treasures it brings from the depths of my
heart,
And, "spray-like," doth into "bright utterance"
start.

I know that my portrait still hangs in thy soul,
The sweet notes of mem'ry across it still roll,

Like the perfume that lingers when the roses are
crushed,
The echo of song, when the music is hushed.

I feel that my image time cannot efface—
Yet I fear that another may sit in my place,
That my seat by thy hearth, where affection doth
burn,
May not always be vacant until I return.

But I will not believe it, the spirit doth keep
Its vigil by night, when the sense is asleep;
And then on the pinions of love I will flee,
For strength and for comfort, my darling, to thee.

Say, comes there not unto thee moments of bliss,
When the Past and the Future seem stooping to
kiss;
When Mem'ry is holding the torch-light of Hope,
And time-withered pleasures beneath it re-ope?

When all that was sad in its glow disappears,
And pleasure, long hoped for, so vividly nears,
That the present is lost in the light that is cast,
By mem'ry and hope o'er the future and past?

Then, then, when these mingled rays over thee
shine,
Oh, think that my spirit is calling to thine;
And let thy soft answer come back on my ear
So thrillingly sweet, that, though sleeping, I'll
hear.

TOO LATE.

"And here again was the scarlet misery glittering on the old spot! So it ever is, whethether typified or no, that an evil deed invests itself with the character of doom."—HAWTHORN.

I hear it forever! It sounds in my ear
Like the sigh of the Pine when the wind-cloud is near,
Or the moan of the ocean that sobs on the shore,
When wailing the wrath of the storm that is o'er

As the ghost of the miser, in slumber unblest,
Haunts ever the spot where its treasure doth rest;
Sad mem'ry returns unto days that have fled,
And the "dead past" seeks vainly to "bury its dead."

No hope hath my soul this refrain shall cease,
Time doth not assuage—Death will not release.
More sad than the raging of passion or hate
Is the voice of despair, when it whispers "*too late!*"

Too late to amend—too late to atone,
'Tis grief unavailing that's left me alone.
For the red stain of sin, though we steep it in tears,
Like a scar on the soul, through life re-appears.

The head of the mountain, though hoary with
snow,
Cools not the fierce fire that rages below;
And if the hot lava has rolled down its side,
Kind nature seeks vainly the traces to hide.

Oh, Faith, canst thou whisper no comfort to
those
Whose hearts, like the Geyser, boil e'en in repose?
Untamed by misfortune, unsated with sin,
Yet longing for peace and comfort within.

Still paving the road which leads unto death,
With good resolutions that melt with a breath—
Still hoping 'gainst hope that they backward have
prest
The fiery passions that boil in each breast,

That belief is triumphant, and banished each doubt,
The Geyser extinct—the volcano burnt out—
Till despair lowly whispers, "This, this is thy fate,
To yield to the stream, and lament when *too late*."

THE FALLEN IDOL.

I'll rend not the veil of my spirit apart:
The silence of midnight shall circle my heart;
None, none shall suspect there is deep in its core
The beak of the Raven, who croaks "Nevermore."

I'll show not to any the skeleton guest,
That unbidden is making its home in my breast;
Like the Spartan, the wolf in my bosom I'll hide.
And cover my wound with the mantle of Pride.

Oh, have you ne'er watched the cold ashen gray,
That steals o'er a cloud, as the sun fades away?
His light gave the beauty it seemed to enfold;
And with it departed the crimson and gold.

'Tis thus with the idol my bosom enshrined—
Green, green were the tendrils around it entwined;
Now, the image is shattered, and with it my trust;
And the vine of affection is with'ring in dust.

But I'll gather the fragments and raise it again;
The world shall not know that my worship was vain.

Pride, pride shall spring up where affection once
bloomed,
And watch o'er the spot where my love is en-
tombed.

Though changed is the priestess who knelt and
adored,
The shrine shall be decked, and the idol restored.
If love could fling o'er it the sunset's bright glow,
Pride, pride shall preserve it unsullied as snow.

Now Duty shall see that each rite is observed,
As though Love at the altar still joyously served;
And dressed in the robes that Affection once wore,
Shall fling down an offering as rich as before.

If the garland is scentless the priestess alone
Will miss the sweet fragrance that o'er it was
thrown;
For the incense of Pride, as it rolls through the air,
Shall hide from the world that Love is not there.

GATHERING SHELLS.

Wandering on the shores of mem'ry,
Gathering up the fragments, cast
By the surging waves of feeling
From the ocean of the past.
Here a shell and there a pebble,
With its edges worn away
By the rolling of the waters,
By the dashing of the spray.

Some lie smooth and many tinted
High upon the glistening sand,
Others, sharp and freshly scattered,
Wound when taken in the hand.
Here a wreck of by-gone treasures,
Garnered in our early years,
Gathered now in hidden caverns
Crusted with the salt of tears.

Every hope and every sorrow
That the heart hath ever known—
Vessels launched in youth's bright hour,
On the shadowy beach are thrown;

Here are pleasure-boats that glided
O'er smooth waters for a while,
There, rich argosies of feeling
Freighted with a tear or smile.

Joy that vanished e'er 'twas tasted,
Is but sea-weed wet with spray:
Eagerly we seek to grasp it—
Lo, its beauties fade away;
Floating in the brilliant future
It was dipped in rainbow-dyes,
But upon the sands of mem'ry
Now in tangled masses lies.

Here are wrecks of early friendships,
Living only in the past,
Vessels which were far too fragile
To withstand life's cutting blast.
By them nobler barks are lying,
Barks that weathered every gale;—
Till on death their life-boats shattered—
These were never known to fail.

Round about are fragments lying
Of the cargoes which they bore;
And on each these words are graven:
"Friend, we've only gone before."

Oh, it gives both pain and pleasure
To reflect that when we die,
Shattered on the sands of mem'ry
Thus in loving hearts we lie.

NIGHT BLOOMING FLOWERS.

My heart has leaves it does not ope to every gazer's view;
My happy thoughts I give to all, my sad ones to but few.
My soul must drink "the wine of life" which openeth wide the heart,
Its inner petals to unfold, its fragrance to impart.
Nor is it every one I love, who holds its magic key:
The heart owns many a chosen friend to whom the soul's not free;
For often those we dearest love will fail to read aright
Those workings of the "inner man" of which they catch a sight.
Such feelings are not told in words, but spoken by the eye,
Or by that heaving of the breast that scarcely seems a sigh;
The trembling of the voice alone may tell of blessings fled;
The "heart dew" gathering in the eye, of bitter tears unshed.

They lie like hidden fragrance in the sweet night-
blooming flowers,
Which pale and scentless 'neath the sun exhale in
evening hours
A subtle essence, rich and rare, which amply doth
repay
For want of beauty and perfume throughout the
busy day.
So sympathy's refreshing dew must steal into our
hearts,
Those inner petals to unfold, from whence their
fragrance starts.

SHADOWS.

There are moments of sadness in life,
When silently over me fall
Forebodings of sorrow and strife—
Dim shadows far-reaching and tall.

Are they warnings of trouble before,
Thus vaguely and faintly defined,
Or hauntings of that which is o'er,
Yet leaveth its shadow behind?

Why hath not the feeling a name?
In tear-drops it seeketh relief,
But oh, it is never the same
As sadness that cometh with grief.

It is not that darkness abiding,
When the spirit in battle must cope
With a sorrow, whose banner is hiding
The star-light that shineth from hope;

When the heart its own bitterness knows,
But keepeth it secret from all,
Though the torrent of feeling o'erflows,
And tears of hot anguish will fall.

Does it come like a bugle-note citing
The spirit to arm for a fight—
The gray clasp of twilight uniting
Joy's sunshine with sorrow's dark night?

Or is it a solemn-toned chant,
And not the vague warnings of grief—
The dew that's distilled on the plant—
Not the frost that discolors the leaf?

I know not, but fain would believe,
The feeling betokens no ill,
But comes the full heart to relieve,
And bid the flushed spirit be still.

And when on my pathway it falls
The warning shall not be in vain,
But the voice of an angel that calls
My soul to its duties again.

BITTER WATERS.

The waters in life's goblet sink,
That late were foaming to its brink
With happiness aglow,
From every bubble flashing bright
The sparkling opalescent light,
That only it can show.

Thoughts, feelings, passions, hopes and fears
Of present, past, and coming years,
The very heart-blood of my soul,
Flowed once a bold continuous stream,
Into whose changing rainbow gleam
I dipped "life's golden bowl."

Not slowly did the waters creep,
But bounded on with vig'rous leap
O'er cares which clogged the way:
With every struggle gaining strength,
Until the rocks o'erleaped at length
In limpid pools they lay.

Now sinking, sinking every hour
'Neath care and sorrow's carking power

They daily run to waste.
No bubbles now upon them rise,
They glitter not with rainbow dyes,
And bitter is their taste.

So bitter, that the unwelcome draught
My thirsty spirit will not quaff,
And scarcely is restrained
From dashing from my fevered lip
The stagnant dregs, I yet must sip
Before the goblet 's drained.

But in the waters dark I see
Reflected faces turned to me ;
And when of them I think,
I crush despondent thoughts like these,
Resolving to its bitter lees
Life's goblet I will drink.

Nor has its beauty wholly fled—
Submissively I bow my head,
And murmuring thoughts restrain ;
For while each well beloved face
In life's dark waters I can trace,
They do not flow in vain.

"THE HOME OF MY BOYHOOD."

"The home of my boyhood, my own country home.
I love it, I love it, wherever I roam."
Though long since my foot its dear threshold has prest,
'Neath the roof of the homestead in spirit I rest:
While mem'ry recalls all its beauties to me,
And tints with its pencil the picture I see.

There stands the old barn where in childhood I played,
The forest where oft with my brothers I strayed;
There lies the green meadow, where on the fresh hay
The long days of summer passed swiftly away;
There babbles the brook, as refreshing and cool
As when on its borders I loitered from school.

There wave the old oaks, in the depths of whose shade
The graves of my father and mother are made;
But vain is the effort to think of them there—
My dear, gentle mother is in her arm chair:
While hearty and hale, in the autumn of life,
My father is sitting beside "the auld wife,"

Time softens the picture I look upon now,
And lightly his snow-flakes have powdered each brow;
While round the old hearth-stone my brothers all stand,
E'er death on the fairest had laid his cold hand.
One sister I see, through the vista of years,
But the glass of my memory is dark'ning with tears.

In the evening of life these scenes of my youth
Come back in my mem'ry with freshness and truth;
As stars of the morning, though hid by the sun,
Will shine when the toil of day-time is done:
Then, I looked to the future for comfort and cheer,
Now, hope has departed, but mem'ry is dear.

All, all have gone from me, the fair and the brave,
And lonely I stand on the brink of the grave,
Where the wife of my bosom, her babe on her breast,
And brothers and sister have gone to their rest.
Not one in the homestead my coming would greet
Of those who were wont round its hearth-stone to meet,

One only desire still lives in my heart,
To see that old homestead before I depart,
To stand by the grave where my mother is laid,
And point out the spot where my own shall be made;
Then in the old house, where I first drew my breath,
Sit quietly down till the coming of death.

"CHE SARA SARA."*

I hold, the man with purpose high,
With firm resolve and still,
Hath in himself his destiny
And moulds his fate at will.
Be ever what you *seem* to be,
Fear not what man can do.
In every fortune firmly stand,
And to yourself be true.
Walk calm and proud nor fear the ills
The future hides from sight,
But bravely meet them when they come,
And battle for the right.
In good or ill be faithful still,
Seek your reward on high,
Let "DEO, NON FORTUNA" be
Through life your battle cry.
Strong in this faith your soul shall not
Unto misfortune yield,
Nor bring the courage of despair
Alone into the field.

* What will be, will be.

SONG.

(From the German.)

As sunshine streaks with pink the moss
  Which hides the blushing rose,
Love gently parts the modest veil
  That youth o'er beauty throws.

But if the heavens are hung with clouds,
  The bud cannot unfold,
And bursting sheds the cankered sweets
  It can no longer hold.

So youthful hearts which pine for love
  To melt their modest pride,
May burst beneath their wealth of life,
  If it is long denied.

WHEN DOST THOU THINK OF ME?

When dost thou think of me?
  At the soft dawn,
When the day breaketh
  As love is born.
When the sun's banners
  Are slowly unfurled
Till its gay streamers
  Float o'er the world?

When dost thou think of me?
  When the south breeze
Whispers its love notes
  Unto the trees,
Rippling the ocean,
  As thou dost glide
Over its bosom
  At the noon-tide?

When dost thou think of me?
  Through the long day
Sigheth thy spirit
  That I'm away?

Could I but come to thee
  Over the sea,
Gladly thou knowest
  I'd nestle by thee.

When dost thou think of me?
  In the still night,
When on the waters
  Sleeps the moonlight,
Or 'neath the Palm tree
  Quiveringly lies
As the soft sea breeze
  Over it sighs?

When do I think of thee?
  Ever—forever—
Thou from my mem'ry
  Absent art never;
Morning and evening,
  Noon-tide and night
Standeth thy image
  Ever in sight.

WOMAN'S DOWER.

Oh, this is woman's richest dower,
  In weakness lies her strength.
By yielding she may win to power,
  And reign a queen at length.
If by a word, a look, or smile
  She prompts to noble deeds,
Man gently led, goes on the while,
  Believing that he leads.

Sweet is her music, if with art—
  With nature's art she'll play—
And chords will vibrate in the heart
  Which scorns her open sway.
The frost of pride, which round it cling,
  Her gentle skill can melt,
If, like the breath of early spring,
  Her love—unseen—is felt.

FAREWELL.

Oh come, a farewell let us say;
Be quick, or the moments will fly:
And on their swift wings bear away
The friends we are bidding good-bye.
Though over our heads may roll years,
Ere again togcther we stand;
Add not to the sorrow by tears,
But give them a shake of the hand.

Cloud not the last hour of parting
By looks that are gloomy the while,
But bid the dear friends who are starting,
Adieu, with a bright cheerful smile.
For they through the thin veil of gladness
Full well our sorrow can trace,
And know in the heart there is sadness,
Although there's a smile on the face.

Though perchance the broad ocean divide,
We still are united forever,
By the knot which our friendship has tied—
A bond which no parting can sever.

Then, while our farewells are spoken,
We'll hide in our bosoms the pain,
And deem our sorrow a token
Of joy in meeting again.

FORGET THEE?

(From the German.)

Forget thee? forget thee? oh never—no never!
The love I have given I'll cherish forever;
Thy image on high in my bosom 's enshrined,
And sweet are the mem'ries around it entwined.
Bright, bright is the passion which thou dost inspire,
When with thee its flame burneth higher and higher;
For my spirit shakes from it the dust of the world,
When the pinion of love in my bosom 's unfurled.

Thou 'st looked on the innermost depths of my soul,
When thoughts were uprising I could not control,
And beneath the warm glance of thy clear-seeing eye,
Pride's withering whirlwind swept harmlessly by.
For I knew that my thoughts unto thee were revealed—
That thou didst read the deep secret from others concealed;
And I tremblingly felt that my treasure was shown,
My strength and my weakness no longer unknown.

Remember? Ah yes! for I cannot forget,
Bright, bright are the jewels in memory set:
They are thoughts of an hour remembered by thee—
An hour of moonlight beneath an old tree—
When thy spirit unwillingly bent to my sway,
And, though still resisting, could not disobey;
Twice, twice hast thou lifted the veil from my soul.
But once thy proud spirit bowed 'neath my control.

SMILES AND KISSES.

Two exquisite jewels of feeling
  Are set in my circle of love,
Bright glimpses of Heaven, revealing
  The joy of spirits above.
'Twas friendship shone first in the ring.
  A smile is the emblem of this,
Yet my heart owns a holier thing,
  And shadows it forth with a kiss.

Whenever my spirit is weary,
  And longing for rest from its strife,
When all of my future seems dreary,
  And dark is the pathway of life—
If friendship will smile it can cheer,
  As feebly I struggle along;
But a kiss from the lips that are dear
  Will render me ten times as strong.

Life's duties it changes to pleasure,
  Its trials can bravely be met;
For my heart in itself has a treasure,
  Since love 'mid its jewels was set.

My pathway is dotted with flowers,
That seem at each step to unclose,
For Love lends his wings to the hours,
And tints them with *coleur de Rose*.

Though friendship 's a heavenly feeling,
A breath from the angels above,
Which over the spirit comes stealing,
It wakes not its deep notes like love;
For love is a fearful emotion
That stirs all the depths of the soul,
As the waters of mighty old ocean
Are swayed by the moonlight's control.

And if ever to mortals is given
A feeling approaching the bliss
Which spirits enjoy in heaven,
'Tis felt in the thrill of a kiss.
A smile may be given to many,
'Tis only of friendship a part,
But I give not a kiss unto any
Who has not the love of my heart.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

I love the quiet twilight hour—
  Its dim and fading light;
I love to watch the closing day
  Embrace the silent night.
His golden beam has disappeared,
  Her reign has not begun,
When like a holy nuptial ring
  The twilight makes them one.

To me it ever seems to be
  A resting place in life,
A quiet, happy, household hour
  With pure affection rife;
When mem'ry from the shadowy past
  Her priceless treasure brings,
Or o'er the future sunny hope
  Her soft'ning radiance flings.

I love to draw the curtains close,
  And by the fitful blaze
To sit and dream of absent friends,
  Or muse on by-gone days.

Yet as I muse I listen too,
To catch the opening gate,
That I may meet him at the door
For whose dear step I wait.

As at the fall of eventide
The worn and weary dove
Bore to the lonely wave-tossed ark
The olive-branch of love—
So he, who all day long has toiled
For wife and children dear,
Turns to the sacred ark of home,
When twilight draweth near.

And while he braves the many cares
That crest the waves of life,
I'll strive to make our own fireside
A haven from their strife,
Full well he knows that peace and love
Are nestling in our home,
That here he'll find the olive branch—
For that he does not roam.

He seeks to gather from the world
The Bay and Laurel now,
That with the Olive he may twine
A garland for my brow:

But what, compared with peace and love,
Are honors, wealth, and fame?
Oh, if with these my brow is crowned,
The rest is but a name.

And from my proud, yet thankful heart
There comes an earnest prayer,
That I may ever worthy prove
This priceless wreath to wear;
It riseth from life's flood of cares
The first green thing on earth;
And none but those who 've felt its want
Can ever know its worth.

Then mem'ry gently waves her wing,
And from the distant past,
She sweeps the shadowy clouds away
That time has o'er it cast.
Friends, who are scattered far and wide,
Are gath'ring round me now,
I feel them gently press my hand,
Or lightly kiss my brow.

As summer winds draw music wild
From soft Æolean strings,
So, all unbidden are the thoughts
Which to my heart she brings;

Drawn gently from its quivering chords
  Upon the breeze there floats
The sweetest music of my life,
  And then——its wildest notes.

Again I am a little child,
  Light-hearted and content,
Whose happy spirit runneth o'er
  With joyous merriment;
Anon, a maiden young I stand
  "Where brook and river meet;"
And now the notes grow stern and wild,
  Then soft, and low, and sweet.

Such are the thoughts which ever haunt
  My quiet twilight hour,
When hope and mem'ry, hand in hand,
  Exert their magic power.
Then do you wonder that I love
  To sit and dream away
This little link that joins the night
  To busy, bustling day?

MY CHILDREN.

I have two little darlings
With eyes of deepest blue,
There's just a year between them,
And the younger is not two.
Like fragrant little blossoms,
Whose petals daily ope,
I watch their minds expanding,
With fond and earnest hope.

Frank says he's mother's rose-bud;
And little brother Willie,
With skin like alabaster,
Is my budding water-lilly.
I call them both my mock-birds,
For like music to my ear,
Are their merry little voices,
So silvery and clear.

What dew is to the flowers,
The rainbow to the sky,
Are these darlings to my pathway,
Which they cheer and beautify.

They fill my heart with gladness,
With thankfulness and praise,
They chase away my sadness,
And leave no gloomy days.

Though many other blessings
Around my footsteps fall,
My children and their father
Are brightest of them all.
My life seems crowned with joys
Whene'er I look on them,
And they the brightest jewels
Within the diadem.

Then blessings on my darlings—
Bright blessings from above—
God grant their tender boyhood
Miss not a mother's love.
Oh may my days be lengthened
Throughout their early youth,
To lead them in the pathway
Of honor and of truth.

God grant to me His spirit
To guide their souls aright,
To teach them by example
To walk "as in his sight."

And when this life is ended,
  May all whom He has given
United, form a family
  Within the courts of heaven.

THE RAIN UPON THE HILLS.

Though 'tis raining on the hills, love,
'Tis raining on the hills,
Not the shadow of a cloud, love,
The smiling valley fills.
See how the sunlight falls, love,
As though it loved to rest
Upon that youthful mother, love,
Her first-born on her breast.

She cares not for the world, love,
Its pleasures or its wealth,
She thinks but of her child, love,
His happiness and health.
Life's sorrows are to her, love,
But rain upon the hills,
While the sunlight of that babe, love,
Her happy bosom fills.

But see, the cloud rolls on, love,
'Tis deep'ning all the while:
And the sunlight from the vale, love,
Is fading like a smile;

Is fading like the smile, love,
That's followed by despair,
When the idols of the heart, love,
Are vanishing in air.

The frightened mother starts, love,
And clasps her baby now:
For she seeth that a shade, love,
Is gath'ring o'er his brow.
She is weeping o'er her child, love;
'Tis raining in the vale—
Life struggleth now with death, love.
God grant he may prevail.

The cloud has passed away, love,
The sun is shining bright;
And that mother's trembling heart, love,
Rejoiceth in the light—
But the mem'ry of that storm, love,
Her bosom ever fills,
And she feareth for the vale, love,
When 'tis raining on the hills.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

'Twas night, and on her couch a weary mother lay,
Weary with petty cares that wore her strength
away:
Sadly she called to mind the aspirations high,
Born in her soul, and mourned that they unfledged
must die.
Each morn she rose resolving ere she slept to feed
The intellectual longings, and the craving need
For mental food, which called as loudly in her
breast
For sustenance, as hungry birds within a nest.
Sadly she felt they called in vain, that day by day
All unimproved time's golden sand was slipping
fast away.
What should she do? She could not feed both
heart and mind;
While one pressed forward must the other lag be-
hind?
Daily she strove each pressing duty to fulfill,
But every evening found some unaccomplished
still.
If all her petty household cares were duly wrought,

Her children's bodies cared for, could their minds
be taught?
"Wrapped in a napkin" must her talent useless lie.
Must she not render some account of it on high?
Or was "what shall we eat and drink and where-
withall
Be clothed," upon her ear forevermore to fall,
Excluding all that cheerful music clear and sweet
That from her heart-strings once had freely gushed
to meet
Responsive notes from one fond heart, which o'er
her hung
So proudly glorying in each gladsome strain she
sung.
Now in her darkenened soul was only care and
strife,
Conflicting duties wore away her strength and life.
Oh! should she not at once select the "better part"
Press forward with a Mary's, not a Martha's, heart!
Or must the mother's instinct conquer in the fight,
And for a "mess of pottage" sell the soul's birth-
right!
She could not solve the question, and with think-
ing worn,
Upon the wings of sleep her soul was upward borne
Beyond the clouds, towards heaven's ethereal sky;

And looking backwards saw a rocky mountain high,
Rise from the green enameled earth below,
Its towering peak wrapped in a shining robe of snow;
Up its steep side a feeble woman slowly crept,
Against her throbbing heart a tiny infant slept;
Three other children fair and bright around her played,
And by their lingering steps her earnest zeal delayed.
Now, o'er a stone one by the wayside tripped and fell,
And she must pause to "kiss the place and make it well;"
By briers torn, another calls on her to stay,
And now her eldest boy is wandering from the way.
She binds the wound and gently calls the truant back,
Leading his wavering steps a while along the track.
Sadly she grieves she cannot press more quickly on,
"Ere duty's hill is scaled life's brightness will be gone,"

She sighing said, and on the dark side looked
alone.
Nor raised her eyes to where the light of love still
shone
With brighter radiance on the rugged mountain's
snow,
Than in the smooth and softly verdant plain below.
She did not see that while she paused each grief to
soothe,
And strove life's pathway for those little feet to
smooth,
How many a stumbling block in her own doubtful
way,
Like blessed angels, they unknowing rolled away;
How oft their childish arms delaying round her
clung,
When o'er a precipice her hasty footsteps hung;
And when for them she strove the thorny path to
clear,
Knew not that danger to herself was lurking near;
That her own wavering faith grew stronger, bright-
er still,
As their young souls with holy truths she sought
to fill;
And when she stopped for them the wayside flow-
ers to twine,

Thought not that they in mem'ry's garland bright
would shine,
To guide their steps through life along the narrow
way,
Or gently draw them back if they should go astray.
But in her dream the weary mother sleeping still,
Saw these were helps, not clogs, in climbing duty's
hill ;
And waking hid the lesson deep within her heart,
Resolving up that hill next morn afresh to start,
Unmurmuring at the petty round she daily trod,
But doing what came first, and leaving all to God.

"NEMO SEMPER FELIX EST."

Oh there are moments when my soul
From earthly scenes would soar away,
To wander, free from all control,
Beneath the light of fancy's ray.
Often when this spell is o'er me
Till my heart with joy 's opprest,
Riseth up this thought before me:
"*Nemo semper felix est.*"

Slowly then my wandering mind
Yields to reason's sterner sway,
Leaveth fancy's joys to find
Peace in duty's rugged way.
Calmer thoughts will soon succeed,
And my troubled soul find rest,
What though its wounds a while may bleed—
"*Nemo semper felix est.*"

Yet will murmuring thoughts arise,
When bright fancy I restrain,
Duty calls me from the skies,
Pleasure leads me back again,

And there's many a bitter hour
When I murmur all unblest,
When these words will lose their power:
"*Nemo semper felix est.*"

Thus there is forever strife
'Twixt my conscience and my will;
And through all my coming life,
Oh, may conscience triumph still;
Pain and pleasure both shall reign,
Yet my soul shall calmly rest,
Thinking, when o'ercome with pain,
"*Nemo semper felix est.*"

I AM THAT I AM.

"I AM THAT I AM," Jehovah replied,
When he shone before Moses, on Horeb's steep side.
And the awe-stricken prophet demanded a name
For the God of his fathers, who spake from the flame.
"Before Abram was," saith the Saviour "I AM,"
The son of the Father, the true Paschal Lamb,
The Lion of Judah, the bright Prince of Peace,
The star of the morning, whose light shall not cease.

How full is the comfort the sentence conveys,
Jehovah Almighty, thou ancient of days;
For it tells that thy mercy is boundless as free
To those who will cast every burden on Thee.
In sickness it sayeth, "fear not, I am health,"
I am comfort in sorrow, in poverty, wealth;
I am strength to the weak, to the erring a guide;
A rock where the fearful in safety may hide.

I am joy in sadness, in death I am life,
I am peace to the soul that with sin is at strife!

I am hope in despair, when the spirit would shrink,
And cries to its Saviour, "help, Lord, or I sink."
To the weary am rest, to the feeble am power,
A shield to my people, their safeguard and tower.
Their doubts and their fears I only can calm,
For the need of the moment "I AM THAT I AM."

THE POT OF INCENSE

"Is an emblem of a pure heart, which is always an acceptable sacrifice to the Deity; and as this glows with fervent heat, so should our hearts continually glow with gratitude to the great and beneficent author of our existence, for the manifold blessings and comforts we enjoy."—*Masonic Chart.*

See the pot of incense glowing
With a pure and fervent heat,
Wreaths of perfume upward throwing
Towards the golden mercy seat.
Where, with clouds His glory hiding,
Israel's God descending came,
'Tween the cherubim abiding
Day and night in smoke or flame.

So may I with grateful spirit,
Ever own with perfect love,
Blessings which I do not merit
From the mercy seat above.
Like this pure, sweet-scented savor
May my prayers ascend on high,
And my sacrifice find favor
In the clear ALL SEEING EYE.

DAY BREAK.

The day has broke—its soft grey light
  Is through the window streaming.
And from the darkness of the night
  The morning star is gleaming;
The failing night-lamp flickers low,
  Its light's no longer needed.
And as the eastern portals glow,
  It dies away unheeded.

Now, all without is bright and fair,
  Instinct with life and hope,
Within—ah! eyes are slumbering there,
  That ne'er on earth shall ope.
All pale and cold before me lies
  The mother and the wife,
Who on my bosom closed her eyes,
  And faded out of life.

So calmly did she cease to breathe,
  So gently took her flight,
I scarce could tell when closing eve
  Had deepened into night.

And ever since, around her bed
I've solemn vigil kept,
And silently have hushed my tread,
As though she only slept.

She does not sleep, in realms above
Her soul is wide awake,
And now the day of perfect love
Begins for her to break.
Ah! does it like the dawn below
Steal gently o'er her soul,
Sees she at first the opening glow,
And then, the glorious whole?

Say, does the song of glory burst
At once upon her ear,
Or does her trembling spirit first
Low notes of welcome hear?
I love to think that strength with light
Is to the spirit given.
Death's but the closing of the night,
The perfect day 's in heaven.

THE FUNERAL OF HENRY CLAY.

While the funeral services were being performed over the remains of Henry Clay, there came up a sudden shower, and, as the cloud was low, the vibration of the air caused the drops of rain to fall more quickly at each discharge of the minute guns.

Toll on, ye mournful bells, toll on—
  A mighty spirit's fled;
E'en heaven itself is weeping o'er
  The statesman lying dead.
Boom on, boom on, ye minute guns,
  And through the sounding air
Up to his noble soul's abode
  A nation's sorrow bear.

The eagle of our land, whose wings
  Spread o'er each ocean's spray
Lost from her grasp a noble dart,
  When death demanded CLAY.
He to the stars and stripes belonged,
  No State can claim his name,
The champion of our common flag,
  He gained his world-wide fame.

No blood-stained laurels bound his brow;
He caused no tears to flow,
His was the mighty strife of mind
Against his country's foe.
He never trimmed his noble barque
To catch the breeze of State,
He scorned to watch its shifting vane,
Or for its sanction wait.

His voice full oft has stilled the strife,
Which in his country rose,
And made the children of one land
To deem their brethren foes.
Like Roman Curtius, when the gulf
Yawned in the forum wide,
He flung himself into the breach,
And calmed the angry tide.

His eagle eye saw at a glance
What way to honor led—
His mighty spirit never shrank
The patriot's path to tread.
Toll on, ye mournful bells, toll on—
Your sad funereal knell
Makes every ardent freeman's breast
With pride and sorrow swell.

We glory in the mighty mind
That flashed like lightning's play,
And both Americas shall mourn
The loss of HENRY CLAY.
Boom on, boom on, ye minute guns,
As each discharge is given,
A shower of sympathetic tears
Falls from the arch of heaven.

ANNIE CARTER LEE.

"Died, at Jones' Springs, Warren County, N. C., Oct. 20th, 1862, ANNIE CARTER LEE, daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee, C. S. A."

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Saviour in thy word we trust,
Sow we now our precious grain,
Thou shalt raise it up again.
Plant we the terrestrial root
Which shall bear celestial fruit.
Lay a bud within the tomb
That a flower in Heaven may bloom.
Severed are no tender ties,
Though in Death's embrace she lies,
For the lengthened chain of love
Stretches to her home above.
Mother, in thy bitter grief
Let this thought bring sweet relief—
(Mother of an angel now,)
God Himself hath crowned thy brow
With the thorns the Saviour wore;
Blessed art thou evermore!
Unto Him thou dost resign

A portion of the life was thine.
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Sore the trial, sweet the trust.
Father—thou who seest Death
Reaping grain at every breath,
As his sickle sharp he wields
O'er our bloody battle fields—
Murmur not that now he weaves
This sweet flower into his sheaves.
Taken in her early prime,
Gathered in the summer time,
Autumn's blast she shall not know,
Never shrink from winter's snow.
Sharp the pang which thou must feel,
Sharper than the foeman's steel;
For thy fairest flower is hid
Underneath the coffin's lid.
O'er her grave thou drop'st no tear,
Warrior stern must thou appear,
Crushing back the tide of grief
Which in vain demands relief.
Louder still thy country cries,
At thy feet it bleeding lies,
And before the patriot now
Husband—Father—both must bow.
But unnumbered are thy friends,

And from many a home ascends
Earnest, heartfelt prayers for thee,
"That as thy days thy strength may be."

AN EPITHANATON.

General LEONIDAS POLK, C. S. A., killed on Pine Mountain June 11th, 1864.

"The tear-drops of sorrow may form a rainbow of glory above the grief-stricken head."

Amid the clouds of grief and woe
Again our God hath set His bow.
For o'er the flood of bitter strife
There shines another hero's life;
A hero's life and death, to tell,
God loves the cause for which he fell;
For though our tears fall down like rain
We cannot feel he died in vain.
Baptized by God Himself with flame,
O let his death aloud proclaim
To hearts which sink 'neath grief and fear:
"Look up! look up! for freedom's near."
Yes, yes the strife is nearly done,
Or God had left this needful one,
Who on the mountain top hath died
As Moses did on Nebo's side—
Like him our promised land he saw
Beyond the rolling clouds of war.

A land of peace and happiness
Which he himself might not possess;
For as the diamond's fragments must,
To polish it, be ground to dust;
Her brightest gems our country yields,
To die upon her battle fields,
And o'er a mourning nation cast
The glory of a life that's past.
And oh! how brilliant is the bow,
That from the storm-cloud now doth glow!
For though beside hope's vivid green
The crimson flush of pain is seen,
See Joy's bright gold in rich relief
Shine out above our violet grief,
While next to doubt's dark sombre hue
Comes freedom's pure and dazzling blue.
Thus, woven by a Hand Divine,
Amid the darkest clouds they shine,
While from them gleams the perfect light
Of God's own love in spotless white.
Then chant no dirge and toll no knell,
But let a glorious anthem swell
In mem'ry of the Church's son,
Who fought the fight and vict'ry won.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

As went the knight with sword and shield,
To tournay or to battle field,
Pledged to the lady fair and true
For whom his knightly sword he drew;
You offered at your country's call
"Your life, your fortune and your all;"
Pledging your sacred honor high
For her to live—for her to die.
With her you cast your future lot,
And now, without one single spot
To dim the brightness of your fame,
Or cast a shadow o'er your name,
You lay your sword with honor down,
And wear defeat as 'twere a crown;
Nor sit, like Marius, brooding o'er
A ruin which can rise no more,
But from your Pavia bear away
A glory bright'ning every day.
Above the wreck which round you lies,
Calm and serene I see you rise,
A grand embodiment of PRIDE,
Chastened by sorrow and allied

To disappointment but to show
How bright your virtues neath it glow;
But who may tell how deep its dart
Is rankling in your noble heart,
Or dare to pull the robe aside,
Which Cæsar draws his wounds to hide.

GAN-EDEN, THE QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES.

Knowest thou that isle of flowers,
Where the softest breezes blow,
And the Frost-king never spreadeth
O'er the earth his pall of snow?

Where, like gray old marble vases,
Crowned with feath'ry turfs of green,
Royal palm-trees rise majestic,
With the cocoas in between?

Where the purple-sheathed banana
Mingles with the sugar cane,
And the fragrant coffee sheddeth
Scarlet berries on the plain?

Where the guava-apple ripens,
And zapotes, rough and brown,
With the mamey and the mango,
Cast their luscious sweetness down?

Where whole fields of ripening anas,*
With their fragrance load the breeze,

*Pine-Apples.

And the golden orange glistens
'Mid the blossoms on the trees :

And the ever green pomegranite
Swings its coral flower-bells,
When its ruby grains are bursting
From their russet-colored shells !

For eternal spring and summer
On this lovely island shine,
And the bursting bud and flower
With the ripened fruit entwine.

In its gardens oleanders
Breathe their almond-like perfume,
And the gorgeous passion flower
Opens wide its crimson bloom.

There the pale gardinia glistens,
And the scarlet piñon glows,
While the gaudy guaquamayo
Waveth o'er the sweet tube-rose.

And the blue conchita twineth
Round the mar-pacifico,
While great rose-hued water-lilies
In deep marble basins blow.

O'er their blossoms sparkling fountains
Scatter cool and dewy spray,
As, like jets of liquid silver
Crowned with rainbow tints, they play.

While the cucullos at even,
"Insect watchmen of the night,"
On the sleeping leaves and flowers
Cast their emerald-tinted light.

Here the high-born caballero
Speaks his love in orient style,
Happy if his tell-tale flower
Wins him but a single smile;

Or his dark-haired senorita,
In the Danza's mystic maze,
Lifts her eye, so soft and swimming,
To his warm and tender gaze.

'Tis the Queen of the Antilles,
Seated on her emerald throne,
Crowned with ever-blooming flowers,
And a beauty all her own:

With a grace that's truly regal
Sits she in her lofty seat,
Watching o'er her subject islands
In the ocean at her feet.

While its waters, blue as heaven,
  Laughing leap upon her breast,
Where all nature ever seemeth
  For a happy bridal drest.

Truly is it called Gan-Eden—
  'Tis a garden of delight;
But, alas, the serpent's trailing
  O'er its beauty casts a blight.

Tyranny and superstition
  Bind the land that should be free,
Like a deadly jaqua-chacho*
  Round a stately ceyba tree.

In their poisonous embraces
  They are holding freedom down,
And her struggles bring her children
  Nothing but the martyr's crown.

But, although her arms are shackled,
  Still she is not always mute,
And the seed by Pintot planted
  Even now is bearing fruit.

* Pronounced Hacka Macka.

† Ramon Pinto, executed for treason in the city of Havana in 1855.

Oh, thou noble son of freedom!
From thy cell I saw thee led,
While strong men, like maidens weeping,
Called down blessings on thy head.

Bravely didst thou tread the scaffold,
Which an altar then became,
Thou the victim sacrificed,
To thy country's lasting shame.

All the beauty smiling round me —
The eternal summer there,
With its ever-blooming flowers
And its balmy, fragrant air—

Seemed as nothing then unto me,
For a gloom was o'er it thrown,
And the trailing of the serpent
Met my saddened gaze alone.

And I said thou art not Eden,
Oh, thou lovely flower-crowned isle,
For thou hast not freedom's breezes
And the sunlight of her smile.

TRANSLATIONS.

TRANSLATIONS.

ODE SUR NAPOLÉON.

(Auguste Barbier)

Genius of France! who 'neath the sun
  Of thine own Messidor didst stand,
Free—as a lithe Arabian mare
  Upon her native desert's sand,
A fierce indomitable mare
  Who knows no bit, nor curb, nor rein—
Still reeking with the blood of kings
  In thy o'erwhelmning anger slain,

How wildly beautiful wert thou!
  Pawing the earth in savage ire,
Thy supple loins, thy rounded croup,
  Thy head erect, and eye of fire,

The frightened nations trembling shrank.
Soon as they heard thy piercing neigh;
To fling a bridle o'er thy neck,
No mortal hand had dared essay;

Until—oh straight-haired Corsican!
You came—and boldly seized her mane,
Sprang, Centaur-like, upon her back,
And broke her to your curb and rein.
Then—no more freedom—no more rest,
'Twas always toil and never sleep,
As, trampling corses like the sand,
Through blood she waded fetlock deep.

For twenty years her iron hoof
The prostrate generations crushed,
As over conquered nations' necks
Along the course of time she rushed.
Till—worn with raising wrath like dust,
Stirring the mental universe—
Inciting nations to rebel,
And bearing on her head their curse;

And wearied by her fierce career,
With neither rest nor goal before,
Exhausted, panting, without strength,
Her loins all flecked with human gore,

She asked for mercy at your hand—
You did not heed her cry:
Oh cruel man! but wrenched the bit,
And pressed her with your nervous thigh.

With trembling limbs and broken teeth
Again she met the battle-shock,
With one last plunge fell dying there,
And hurled you, crippled, on yon rock.

LE PETIT.

(Victor Hugo.)

With dazzling light he shines in history's fane
A god with vict'ry captive in his train;
His war-like sway laid Europe at his feet;
Thou seek'st to ape him, but in vain, Petit!

Mid hurtling storms of grape his eagles fought,
Led on by him Arcola's bridge they sought,
In battle calm, his vict'ries were complete;
Here's gold, come thou and steal, and thieve, Petit!

War was his love, Vienna and Berlin,
Forced mistresses, he only sought to win;
A hundred bastiles yielded at his feet;
Thy triumphs are o'er courtesans, Petit!

His hand the palm and thunder-bolt contained,
Triumphant o'er the human kind he reigned;
With glory drunk—his pulse too madly beat;
Here's flowing blood, come thou and quaff, Petit!

He fell, and earth the mighty shock confessed,
Ocean a whirlpool opened in his breast,
For an Archangel fallen from his seat;
Thou wilt be only choked in mire, Petit!

ART AND THE PEOPLE.

(Victor Hugo.)

I.

Art is glorious delight!
Through the tempest flashing bright,
Lightning heaven's celestial blue
With a splendor ever new;
Shining on a nation's crest,
Like stars on the Eternal's breast.

Art's a grand, a solemn hymn,
Which the quiet heart doth win;
Sung by cities to the groves,
And by man to her he loves;
By the voices of the soul
Joined in one harmonious whole.

Art is loftiest human thought,
Art to break each chain hath wrought.
To th' enslaved it freedom brings,
Round the free it grandeur flings;
Gentle conquerer, to thy song
Rhine and Tiber both belong.

II.

Oh! unconquerable France!
Thou who leadest hope's advance.
With thy deep but gladsome voice
Sing, and bid the earth rejoice;
Sing this song of peace and love,
Sing, and raise thine eyes above.

Sing when morn with dew is wet,
In the evening sing it yet;
Smile at ages past away,
Labor makes the spirit gay:
Sing it low when love's the song,
But when FREEDOM, loud and strong.

Sing of buried Poland's grave,
Italy, the fair and brave,
Sing of Hungary agonised,
Naples, in red blood baptised;
Oh! when thus the people sing,
Chains o'er tyrants they may fling.

CHILDHOOD'S UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

(Victor Hugo.)

Tis eve—the hour when babes with angels speak—
For us they pray to Him who all things sees;
That hour when men do most mad pleasure seek—
Young children lisp their prayers on bended knees.
Day is for labor, weariness and care—
Eve bringeth childhood's faith—religion deep
Of love, not fear. Hushed by the simple prayer
All nature, saving only man, doth sleep.

Come then, my child, lift up your hands and pray
For all who, living, walk this earth of graves;
For those who lightly tread life's flowery way,
And those who weary battle with its waves.
Pray thou for those who take a mad delight
In war's dread pomp and furious rushing steeds;
For those who laboring, suffer day and night,
Marking their way with good and evil deeds.

And pray for him who steeps his soul in sins,
Who nightly to the dance and banquet flies.

Whose voice from now—when childhood's prayer
begins—
Till day-dawn doth in impious orgies rise:
Who, whilst false pleasure wildly he pursues,
Heeds not that childish hearts, at twilight dim,
The incense of their prayers diffuse
Before that God who heareth them—and him.

Pray for the poor, my child, and for the wise,
The sage who thinks, and in his dreams doth
dwell.
For him whose soul from crime and misery cries,
And for the prisoner in his lonely cell.
Pray thou for him who impiously blasphemes,
Pray, pray, for infinite is prayer!
Thy faith o'er unbelief may shed its beams,
And draw down heaven's forgiveness there!

CONFRONTATIONS.

(Victor Hugo.)

Arise, Oh corpses! Let your assassins stand confest—
Speak—who hath plunged those daggers in each bleeding breast?
Thou first pale shade, thy name and thy foul murderer tell—
"I am Religion, and before the Priest I fell."
Who cometh next? "Virtue and Reason—hand in hand
With murdered Honesty and Modesty we stand."
Who was it cut your throats? Speak—and aloud proclaim
Unto the world at large the base assassin's name—
"The Church." And thou—who art thou? "I am Public Faith,
Who by the false accursed Oath was put to death."
And he who bathed in blood lies by thy side?
"My name was Justice—by the Judge's hand I died."
Thou next, who bearest a swordless scabbard—round whose head,

Defiled with mire, the rays of glory once were
spread,
Advance, Oh grand, gigantic shade and tell thy
name—
"'Tis AUSTERLITZ, and by the army I was slain."

FABLE—OR HISTORY.

(Victor Hugo.)

A hungry Ape one summer's day,
Did idly through a forest stray,
His appetite was truly royal
And unto it he was most loyal.
A tiger's skin was wrapt around
His long, lean limbs, and swept the ground;
The noble beast had been ferocious—
The Ape was worse—he was atrocious—
He gnashed his teeth and cried: "I'm King—
The king of Night—and I will bring
These thickets all beneath my sway.
Here, none my will shall disobey."
Then on the neighboring land he poured
Rapine and murder, fire and sword.
Did what a tiger might have done.
Till all believed he must be one.
"Look at my cavern full of bones."
He cried in loud bombastic tones.
"I am a Tiger—all must fly
Before my steps, or they shall die;"

But while he speaks with loudest din,
We tear aside the covering skin
And show the monkey hid below,
Who dares not strike another blow.

DEDICATION OF THE LAST CANTO OF THE PILGRIMAGE OF CHILDE HAROLD.

(LAMARTINE.)

Rememb'rest thou that day of yore
  When up Sélève's side we climbed?
With manly pride thou walkedst before
  Whilst I more slowly toiled behind,
And soon was forced to pause and rest
  Upon a rock hung o'er the height,
Whilst thou, undaunted, upward prest
  Beyond my eager longing sight.
I saw the branches of the pine
  While slowly parting o'er thy head,
On noble daring such as thine
  The dewy tears of morning shed.
Beneath thy feet a torrent dashed,
  And 'gainst the scarred and furrowed rock
Its waters into foam were lashed,
  While earth was trembling 'neath the shock
In the far west a gathering cloud
  Hung dark and frowning in the air,
Whilst in the east the breath of morn
  Unveiled the beauties hidden there,

And showed the Heaven's own limpid hue,
Like Leman's waves of dazzling blue.

Then, all at once upon a cliff
Where thou hadst climbed I saw thee rest,
Point with thy finger to the abyss,
The stream, the heavens, the frowning crest
That I their beauty too might see,
But I could only gaze on thee.

Thine eye embraced the scene below,
Thy foot seemed scarce the earth to know,
Thy bosom heaved with feelings pent
And sought to give its transport vent,
As captive waves in narrow space confined,
Fret, chafe and moan before the rising wind.

The cascade's spray was upward flung,
Entangling rays of every shade
Its folds of vapor round thee hung,
As though in light thou wert arrayed.
Thy picture then no words can paint,
By thee each image seemeth faint,
Thou wert most like the winged thought
With which a pious dream is fraught,
When from the heart wherein it lies,
Like sacred incense, it doth rise
Towards God, and hovers in the skies.

The moment fled, but leaves its trace
  Upon this fragile monument,
Where I thy name unbidden place
  In mem'ry of thy bold ascent.
Thy hand may blot it from my line,
But in my heart 't will always shine.
Nor are my verses wholly vain,
If thou canst not the tear restrain
Which rises while I strike my lyre;
  At least these words thou'lt not refuse:
"The song which moves me I inspire,
  And my remembrance is his muse,"

NUPTIAL HYMN OF THE MODERN GREEKS

(LAMARTINE.)

Scatter, scatter narcissus and roses
Over the couch where beauty reposes!
Wherefore weep'st thou, dark-eyed daughter
'Tis no day for tears and gloom.
Like a lily o'er the water,
Bending with its sweet perfume,
Hangs thy head, as o'er thee flushes
Love's bright glow in rosy blushes.

Scatter, scatter narcissus and roses
Over the couch where beauty reposes.
'Tis thy lover thou dost hear,
Take the ring that seals his flame,
Wear it without doubt or fear,
Trembling but with maiden shame.
If thy love burns in his soul,
There 't will glow while this is whole.

Scatter, scatter narcissus and roses
Over the couch where beauty reposes.
In thy hand the torch is burning
Sacred unto nuptial bliss.

Let thy heart so fondly yearning,
Feed a flame as pure as this;
Shedding e'er its sweet perfume
O'er life's pathway to the tomb.

Scatter, scatter narcissus and roses,
Over the couch where beauty reposes.
Crowned kids around are playing
By young maidens brought to thee,
Like them, in the meadow straying
Soon thy children thou shalt see,
New-born joys that crown the life
Of the mother and the wife.

Scatter, scatter narcissus and roses,
Over the couch where beauty reposes.
In the valley wreath the myrtle
That shall shade thy infant's head,
Learn the cooing of the turtle
As thou mak'st his little bed;
In the summer's golden prime
Ready make for harvest time.

Scatter, scatter narcissus and roses
Over the couch where beauty reposes.
Canst thou murmur like the water
As it ripples o'er the stones?

Woman is but nature's daughter—
Let her learn her mother's tones.
Practice now the notes that best
Lull the infant to its rest.

THE BUTTERFLY.

(LAMARTINE.)

Born with the spring, and dying as the roses die,
On wings of zephyr floating 'neath a summer sky,
Resting upon the bosom of each flower in bloom,
Intoxicated with their beauty and perfume—
This is the butterfly—life hath for him no sting—
He's always young, and beautiful, and on the wing;
Whilst upward—ever upward in each careless flight,
The painted down floats from his wings into the light.
Such is that love which knows no rest and no repose,
Flitting, now to the lily, then unto the rose,
Sipping from every flower, but drinking deep of none—
Forever on the wing for a more glorious one;
But, as the down floats e'er the butterfly above,
Imagination soars to a more perfect love.

LINES ON AN ALBUM.

(LAMARTINE.)

The book of Life's the book supreme,
  It opes not, shuts not at our will,
But of themselves the pages turn,
  And we must read both good and ill.
Its sweetest leaves are spread but once,
  When back to LOVE we fain would fly,
Beneath our eager fingers next
  The page of DEATH perchance may lie.

THE SNAIL.

(A. V. Arnault.)

Without a friend, with no sweet ties,
To all on earth a stranger;
Withdrawing in his shelt'ring shell
At every sign of danger.
Loving himself with tend'rest love,
Unseen in stormy weather,
His narrow house he fills alone,
For self lives altogether.
Impure is every trace he leaves,
He mischief works each hour,
And with his kisses or his bite
Defaces every flower;
He with old age more sluggish grows,
And closer keeps his cell;
Thus, of the egotist and snail
At once the life I tell.

THE WITHERED LEAF.

(A. V. Arnault.)

Torn from thy stem by some rude gale,
Where wand'rest thou, poor leaf so frail?
Alas! I know not; fair to view,
Once on a noble oak I grew,
But, when the storm burst o'er its head,
I with th' inconstant zephyr fled.
Since then o'er hill and vale I 've strayed,
Where'er the summer winds have played,
Hither and thither, without thought,
Nothing I fear, complain of naught;
Soon I shall crumble into dust,
And float away where all things must.
And where is that? Oh whither goes
The withered laurel—the faded rose?

THE FALL OF THE LEAVES.

(MILLEVOIE.)

Autumn had robbed the trees to fling,
  His worthless spoil upon the ground,
Laid bare the myst'ries of the grove
  And hushed the wild bird's joyous sound.
When to a wood where he had loved
  In earlier—happier—days to stray,
A broken-hearted, dying man
  For the last time did wend his way.
"Farewell, oh wood! I yield," he said,
  "Your mourning shows me fate's decree;
For every withered leaf that falls
  Brings sentence of my death to me.
A fatal oracle art thou,
  Which mournfully to me doth say:
For the last time before thine eyes
  The yellow leaves now pass away!
The cypress round thy brow is twined,
  For thee no more the rose shall bloom,
More pale than pallid autumn's self
  Thy foot-steps totter towards the tomb.

Thy youth shall wither ere the grass
  Now covering yonder field is dead,
Before the vine upon the hill
  Its sere and yellow leaf has shed.
And I must die! With their cold breath
  The autumn winds around me play,
Like a vain shadow I have seen
  My glorious spring-time pass away!
Fall! fall! ye faded leaves, and hide
  This narrow path from every eye,
Hide from my mother's wild despair
  The lonely spot where I must lie.
But if the maiden whom I love
  Should ever wander here at eve,
To drop a tear upon my grave,
  Or o'er my mem'ry sadly grieve,
Make to my spirit some slight sign,
  That I may not unconscious lie,
But draw sweet comfort from her grief
  And answer back her tender sigh"—
He gazed around with swimming eyes,
  Then slowly turned his steps away,
And the last leaf that quivering fell
  Served but to mark his dying day.
Beneath the oak where he foretold
  His early doom, a grave was made;

But ah! his mistress never came
To sit and weep where he was laid;
She never trod that narrow path,
As he had hoped, in evening's gloom;
The valley shepherd's step alone
Disturbed the silence of his tomb.

PRAY FOR ME.

(Millevoie.)

'Tis eve—all nature weary seems,
The breeze in silence dies away,
While through my dying chamber gleams
The fading glories of the day.
The vesper bell calls all to prayer,
Its music from the church is shed;
But oh! kind maiden, go not there,
Stay—tell your rosary by my bed.

I'm dying with the dying year,
My days, though weary, are but few.
And I shall be no longer here
When autumn leaves the grass shall strew.
When from yon belfry tolls my knell,
And I have gone from all my woe,
For me your rosary maiden tell,
And pray my soul sweet peace may know.

And oh! when one in sable robe
Shall to my grave in silence glide,
Seek not with curious glance to probe
The secret wound she fain would hide.

She was my love—respect her weeds,
For her my life I'd give away;
And, when at eve you tell your beads,
Oh! for us both, kind maiden, pray.

CLASP THY LITTLE HANDS.

(ANONYMOUS.)

Clasp thy little hands, my child,
For it is the close of day,
And yon star, with lustre mild,
Tells us it is time to pray.
Not a single sound is heard,
Save the bell in holy place,
Which, when ringing, bids us all
Kneel and pray for heavenly grace.
Clasp thy little hands, my child,
For it is the close of day,
And yon star, with lustre mild,
Tells us it is time to pray.

Clasp thy little hands, my child,
See, as darkness draweth near,
From the jas'mine's yellow flower
Every bee doth disappear;
Folded are the silvered wings
Of the azure butterfly,
And amid the waving grass
Till the morning it will lie.

Clasp thy little hands, my child,
For it is the close of day,
And yon star, with lustre mild,
Tells us it is time to pray.

Clasp thy little hands, my child,
Kneel, my darling, kneel and pray,
For a happy morn awaits
Children who thus end the day.
Listen to thy mother's prayer,
'Tis that, waking or asleep,
Round about thee, day and night,
Angels loving watch may keep.
Clasp thy little hands, my child.
For it is the close of day,
And yon star, with lustre mild,
Tells us it is time to pray.

TEARS.

(METASTASIO.)

Tears are the language of the heart,
And with each deep emotion start,
Rending its stony crust apart.

Like molten lava they may flow,
Nor bring relief unto the woe,
The soul does in such sorrow know.

And then, like soft'ning summer shower,
Refreshing every leaf and flower,
They fall with gently soothing power.

They flow with anger, shame and grief,
They come with rapture's transport brief,
And bring the swelling heart relief.

Hope only shows its rainbow dyes
Reflected in the tears which rise,
When disappointment clouds the skies.

Oh! erring hearts, so frail and weak!
Why will ye all your rapture seek,
Where it in tears alone can speak?

Look up! and see hope's brilliant bow
In faith's blue heaven with promise glow;
There—only there—true bliss ye 'll know.

WHAT IS LOVE?

(DANTE.)

The gen'rous heart is but the same,
The wise man saith, as true love's flame;
Each must the other's life assist,
Neither alone can e'er exist.
As reason to reasoning soul's akin,
True love to gen'rous heart is twin.
Nature in sunshine did create
Each as the other's fitting mate.
Love is a king—the gen'rous heart
His palace—wrought with curious art,
Within whose inner chamber walls
He lies asleep till beauty calls.
Sometimes but brief repose he takes,
Then, slumbers long, and slowly wakes.
When sense with beauty joins to please
The observant eye, which, watchful sees
These charms combine to wake desire
The pleasing object to acquire,
Which grows and strengthens, till from sleep,
Full armed for conquest, love doth leap.
Thus beauty acts on manly worth,
Which in her heart to love gives birth.

"MUST I FORGET?"

(ANONYMOUS.)

And is it so? And must we meet
With cold indifference, now?
Must I forget the living fire
You've pressed upon my brow?
Must I forget my head hath lain
Against your throbbing breast,
As you, in love's abandonment,
My loosened hair carest?
Must I forget my very soul
On yours has helpless hung,
As o'er my woman's weakness, you
The strength of manhood flung?
Must I forget? I will forget,
And you shall never know
The fierce, volcanic fire, which burns
Beneath indifference' snow.
Like marble I will set the lips
Which quivered 'neath your own,
While from my voice pride shall extract
Love's tenderness of tone.

I know your coldly jealous heart
Would rather for its sake,
Beneath the weight you've on it laid,
My woman's one should break.
I know you'd rather rage and hate
Should in my bosom burn,
Than that the lava in my veins
To hardened stone should turn.
I will not feign my heart is ice,
You know it is not so:
But I will make you keenly feel
For you it does not glow;
Feel that another reigns supreme
Where you were king alone;
And with this poisoned arrow pierce
Your jealous heart of stone.

BEAUTY AND VIRTUE.

(Dante's Vita Nuovo.)

Two loves have I, of equal force,
Who in my bosom oft discourse:
A modest prudence hath the one,
In courtesy excelled by none;
This virtue is, who lives for duty,
And by her sits enchanting beauty,
With lively elegance around her thrown,
And every winning grace her own.
I, thanks to my sov'reign lord so sweet,
In love with both, lie at their feet:
They, like true women, doubt express
Each that the other hath excess,
And seek this question to decide:
"Can loyal heart its love divide?"
The fount of eloquence replies,
At once for both true love may rise.
Beauty, to yield delight man needs,
Virtue, to prompt to gen'rous deeds.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

(DANTE'S INFERNO.)

I said: "Francesca, thy sad tale
Hath made my heart with sorrow wail,
And my eyes weep till tears did fail;
But in thy season of sweet sighs
What caused thy passion to arise,
His dim desire to recognise?"
Then she, "the greatest of all woes
Is that which from the mem'ry flows
Of joy the soul no longer knows;
But if your sympathy doth prey
Upon your heart, I 'll even say
How first our passion saw the day;
We read—oh ne'er to be forgot!
Alone, in some secluded spot,
How love enchained brave Lancelot;
Our eyes oft met, our cheeks in hue
Resembled roses wet with dew,
And then aside the book we threw;
For as we read how in her pride
To taste her lover's lips she sighed,

He, who from me naught can divide,
Pressed on my mouth so warm a kiss
We trembled both with new-born bliss,
And turned no other leaf than this."

INVOCATION TO DEATH.

(Pietro Bembo.)

Oh Death! stern monarch of despair!
Whom nature trembles to behold,
Come unto me, the child of care,
And touch me with your fingers cold.
Your power alone can bring relief,
And change to slumber this wild grief.
The stroke which bids existence cease,
Though it shall thrill each quivering vein,
I'll welcome as a bright release
Which stills the spirit's sharper pain;
Death's pangs may be less keen than those
Which in its prime life often knows.

THE ECHO OF THE HARP.

(Madame Amable Tastu.)

As when some wandering night wind sweeps
  Across a harp its viewless wings,
And wakes the whispering tone which sleeps
  Forever in its silent strings;
Across my bosom's hidden lyre,
  Touched by the muse's hand alone,
Sweeps fancy's wing, my soul to fire,
  And give its sleeping music tone.
Her glorious thoughts, her lovely dreams,
  Like flowers she scatters as she flies,
And though to heaven the music streams,
  The echo in my bosom lies.

DEATH.

(Madame Amable Tastu.)

The infant smiles upon the shore
Of life's broad sea that 's spread before,
Nor to the horizon turns his eyes
To mark a little cloud arise;
To him the sky is always bright,
His lovely morning knows no night,
Rocked in delight he laughs and sings,
Till death sweeps by on angel wings;
Only his mother sees the cloud,
And feels that it his life will shroud.
But when through time's relentless hand
Hath glided childhood's golden sand,
The youth starts back in cold affright
From the veiled phantom in his sight;
For in the bosom of his play,
Or treading wisdom's flowery way,
A sudden restlessness will bring
Back to his heart that fearful thing.
Then comes an hour when blinded youth
In all its beauty first sees truth;

The drunkenness of dreaming flies,
And grief's first tear bedews the eyes;
The form unmantleth to the sight
And death is there—but death so bright—
Like a young angel he appears,
Crowned with pale flowers bedewed with tears.
No sound of fear comes with his feet,
He is a friend youth stops to greet;
He smiles and presses to the ground
The flame with which life's torch is crowned,
His lips breathe slumber upon pain,
He points to heaven and smiles again.
But lo! the angel waxeth proud,
He casts aside the veiling cloud,
And stands before the heart forlorn
In all the loftiness of scorn.
Man's spirit then before him quakes,
He opes his mighty hand and takes
All in his path. Cased in his mail
The warrior feels his heart turn pale,
As death thus cometh—nigher—nigher—
And ceaseless towers—higher—higher.
Again his face he veils in cloud,
As when by years and sorrow bowed
The soul the boundary of its way
Approaches quickly, and each day

Upon it hangs the weight of years,
As silently and without tears
Before death's dreadful feet we kneel
And his dark presence round us feel.

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